


# THE QUILL



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# *The Quill*

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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# *Enraptured*

FRANCES MCPHERSON

What song is this, O mortal man,  
That stirs within your soul?  
What restless feelings surge therein,  
Would fain burst all control?

Why do you stand with quivering heart,  
Star-struck, earth-bound, transfixed?  
Why do you gaze intensely so  
With mind and soul thus mixed?

What rushing force of myriad words  
Comes throbbing to your brain?  
Why finds it but repressing lips  
That make its journey vain?

Inquiring one, I cannot sing  
The music that I hear.  
Its pulsing notes are not contained  
Within this earthly sphere.

Heart, soul in quiet rapture stand—  
Immortal strains are hovering near.  
The mind can frame no flowing phrase  
But murmurs, "God is here."

# *We Forgot Christmas*

ANN PERRY

Captain Raymond Perry? Aye, I knew him. I served as his Lieutenant on the brig, *Spark*, in eighteen nineteen. We were in the Mediterranean then, fighting the pirates of Tunis and of Tripoli. There are tales enough I could tell you about him and about the battles we fought in the *Spark*. But, somehow, it is not in battle that I best remember him, for in battle he was a fierce man. All of us who served under him said (if you will pardon the expression) that he could sail that brig through the gates of hell, singe the devil's beard, and sail home again. It is passing strange that a man who could fight like a demon could love peace as he did. When he was not in battle, he was quiet to the point of gentleness. I have heard that he is dead now. He has gone where no port can hold him and where no woman can call him back. And with his death a bit of glory has passed from the sea.

There is a night that I would tell you of. Perhaps, my tale will show you why I think of him as I do. It was Christmas Eve, eighteen nineteen; and we were cruising off the coast of Tripoli. It was a beautiful, Mediterranean night. The moon had laid down a path for the ship to follow, and you could see stars enough to guide a sailor to port. It was my watch, and I was on deck, dreaming a bit of home. I heard a noise beside me. Turning, I saw the Captain standing there.

"She sails like a lady," he said.

"Aye, sir," I answered, proud with him of the ship.

"What were you thinking here?" he asked softly.

A little ashamed of not having my mind on the *Spark*, I grinned and answered, "Of home."

The Captain nodded and sighed. "In Rhode Island there is snow on the ground now. My family is drinking punch around the fireplace. Just home from church they would be. My son, who is walking and talking, is in bed, dreaming of Christmas. Some day he, too, will be on the sea at Christmas, dreaming of home," he mused. He smiled, paused before he went on. "What fools seamen are. When we are at home, we think only of being at sea; and when we are at sea, we dream of home. But look about you to know why men sail the sea. There is an enchantment here. There is beauty, lad the beauty of the sea."

I heard the small noises of the ship in the night, the singing of the rigging, the splash of water against her hull. I looked over the swelling sea, felt the surge of the ship under me, and knew that he spoke truly. "Aye, sir," I answered him, "we seamen may dream of home, but always we come back to the sea."

Suddenly we were interrupted by a shout from the lookout, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" I called.

"Dead ahead," came the answer. There was silence for a minute as the lookout strained to make out the ship; then he called again, "She looks like a lugger, bound for Tripoli."

A shout went up from the hands on deck. A coastal lugger with her light armament would be easy prey for our guns. The Captain spoke sternly from beside me. "Turn out all hands," he said; "make sail to pursue her."

We crowded the *Spark* with all the sail she could use and chased the strange ship through the dark of the early morning hours. And as we closed on her, we were busy making ready for battle. The hands were fed so that the galley fires could be doused. (We had learned from the British that men fight best with food in their stomachs.) The guns were run out and piles of ammunition brought on deck. Finally, dawn silhouetted the Tripolitan ship close on the horizon. She was a coastal lugger of the type used to run supplies into the pirates' port.

We overhauled the enemy with a fair wind filling our sails. We knew that she carried three-pounders with which she could inflict some damage, but she could not withstand the bombardment of our guns. The Captain brought the *Spark* in close to her starboard side and hailed her, calling to her to surrender. The answer was a ragged volley from the enemy guns. I saw one ball smash a gun housing, wounding two of our men, but no other damage was done. "Fire," shouted the Captain, and our broadside crashed into the small ship. Shuddering from the blow, she managed a few shots at us. I saw holes appear in the sail, saw a stay on the fore top gallant mast part. She had struck desperately at us but had inflicted no real damage. Our men rammed sponges into the guns, loaded, and fired another broadside. This time the other ship was fatally hurt. She faltered as her mainmast broke, hung motionless for one second, and crashed onto her deck. We drew ahead of her as she fluttered there like a wounded bird on the sea.

"Fire the stern chasers," the Captain ordered. I heard the explosion of our guns and then a roar such as I had thought to hear only at the end of the world. The lugger must have carried a cargo of powder, which one of our balls had hit; for she blazed for an instant and flew apart. One moment there was a crippled ship behind us; the next moment there were only a few



hissing embers dying in the sea. Blazing fragments flew up, landed on the water and on our ship. No one on the *Spark* spoke. The awful intensity of that moment stopped movement and thought. Released from the pressure of the battle, our senses told us the story with double power. We were aware of the smell of powder, the prickle of sweat, the oppression of quiet after noise. We noticed that the sun was above us now. But for that moment we were motionless and speechless.

The first man to move was the Captain. I saw him reach out to smother the blazing cap of a seaman. "There will be no survivors," he murmured. The spell was broken. We looked to the *Spark* with awe in our hearts. There was work enough to do in putting out the small fires kindled from flying bits of the lugger. We tended the wounded, brought our ship to order again. I inspected the damage and set hands to the pumps, for we had taken some water from a hole below the water line. The surgeon then handed me the tally of the wounded. Thank God, no man had been killed.

I went over to the Captain who was brooding over the vacant waters behind us. I paused, waited until he turned. "Three men slightly wounded, sir," I reported; "no major damage to the ship."

He smiled wryly at me. "Very well. Assemble all hands," he ordered.

I did as he bade me, wondering as I did. The Captain did not often assemble all hands. Whatever his reason was, it must be sufficient, but I could not divine it. Surely, the ship had been well handled during the battle.

There could be no punishment forthcoming, for there had been no want of courage or of obedience among the hands. And the Captain was not one to over-burden with praise the sensibilities of men as shaken as we were by what had happened. The hands, too, wondered why they had been called before the Captain. They shuffled their feet restively as they waited in the waist of the ship.

The Captain stood on the quarterdeck, looking down at us. Wisdom and strength flowed from him and hushed the senseless clatter of our minds. There was something in his face that stilled our restless bodies and our unquiet souls. At last he spoke to us, saying, "When men are away from their homes, their families, as we are, they often forget that they are men. The time spent on the sea undermines their beliefs that life is good, that God endures. Pray God that we shall not do that." Slowly the Captain removed his cap, and every man on the ship removed his, also. Quietly, then, on an alien sea he repeated the words of life. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. . . ."

# *The Comics:* TO READ

LOUISE WHITE

What is the fate of the funnies? Will they continue to occupy the important place they now hold in the lives of American children? And what influence do they hold on their young readers? All these are questions being raised by irate parents, harried teachers, and indignant boys and girls as the production-consumption rate of comics and funny books is increasing to an all-time high. But is this fad really such a problem? My answer, as a former "Superman" and "Masked Marvel" fan, is "No." To answer the questions concerning the fate of comics, we must first decide just how influential they are and if that influence is as harmful as most adults seem to believe.

In the first place, the great majority of comics are purely fantastic, and are based on the principle that crime does not pay. The physical and mental gymnastics that are performed by our heroes in scarlet and yellow tights and silhouetted by flowing capes are humanly impossible, as any funny-book reader will readily admit. The lawbreaker is always caught, usually after an exciting chase through dank cellars, in and out of subways, a careening limousine ride down deserted streets, with a page or two devoted to the description of the criminal's fatal error—a slip of the tongue, a return to the scene of the crime, of the extra girl-friend whom the villain has jilted and who wants to get even with him. And always in the last vivid block of the story we see the sad face of the criminal, ruining the day that he ever stole his first penny from the blind man's cup. The reader's hero, who in my case was usually "Batman," smiles invitingly from the last margin; and with a wink and a heading "Read next month's exciting adventure entitled 'The Mystery of the Hen's Missing Tooth,'" he admonishes firmly, "*Crime Does Not Pay!*"

One who has never followed the hair-raising trail of our imagined men of justice has, in my opinion, missed a great deal of entertaining suspense. For ten cents fifty-two pages of mystery, murder, and intrigue are yours; and then they can be disposed of for a nickel from any neighborhood chum, or swapped off for another funny book just as good. Why, they have all that Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* has, plus illustrations in blazing colors to mark every moment of the plot!

Fascinating though these stories may be, however, I agree that one can in his more mature time of life find reading material with more commendable

literary qualities. And fortunately for parents and teachers as well as youngsters, one's interests—and I refer again to my personal experience—shifts with the progression of adolescence to better literature. I was the most faithful of "Bulletman's" followers during my grammar-school days, and today I cannot read a funny book through to completion. A few comic strips in the daily newspapers I still enjoy occasionally, but I am far from being a regular reader of the funnies.

So my own advice to all concerned—parents, teachers, children, and armchair philosophers—would be to accept this practice with the other excrescences of adolescence, and it will change along with a fourteen-year-old boy's voice. Other than being a possible cause for eyestrain if read in bed by the hall light after hours, the funny book is just as distracting and of no more permanent harm than the well-known peashooter.

## NOT TO READ

ANN PERRY

There is no refuting the fact that the comics are an integral part of American life. They are too deeply embedded in the mind of the public of all ages as a source of recreation and in the pocketbooks of the publishers and writers as a source of income to be extirpated. An intelligent discussion of the comics, then, must resign itself to the fact that not within the next year, or the next five years, or perhaps the next ten years will they die the natural death of disinterest. With this conclusion in mind, then, we can consider the two primary problems involved. Wherein lies the danger of the comic books and funny paper strips? What can be done to overcome this danger?

The greater part of the comic books published are not vicious in purpose. They are the result of mediocrity. They drug the minds of children and adults, rob them of that rich, inspiring heritage of literature which would companion them throughout life. There is nothing in the comics that one would wish to carry through life with him. They are the toys of the moment with no intrinsic value either for the present or for the future. They do not give the sweep of character and language which is Stevenson's; they do not enrich with the fantasy of Lewis Carroll; they do not possess the completeness of Scott or the ancients.



With two wars completed during this century and another thundering over the horizon, we feel the precious urgency of time. Life is short; change forbids the re-living of any moment. It is here; it is lost. What we think, feel, perceive, and read—all of this becomes memory with another tick of the clock. And we allow our children to read the comics to sustain themselves in life. They are weaned into a world in which science is supreme; maudlin philosophy is rife; personality and character are mere balloons blown from the mouth of a three-color stick figure. Reading with a vocabulary composed of the most common and some of the most degenerate words in the English language, our children will never know the thrill of discovery of a phrase such as "the million footed rain." Our world cries out for beauty, spirit, the security of the realization of the purpose of life. These necessities can be found only in the record of the best that man has thought, done, and become kept faithfully by writers of the past and the present.

Perhaps, these are strong words to use in connection with the comics, that one minute facet of everyday life. They are admittedly an outgrowth of the slipshod, hurried philosophy of the American public. In the general refutation of the past lies the *raison d'être* of the comics. To change a philosophy is a long, slow process; the agents of this change must be the teachers, the thinkers, the writers. Bound up in the law of cause and effect lies the eventuality that as our young people are led to better reading habits, they will become better people; and as they become better people, they will pass on even better reading habits to the next generation. There are a great many good teachers in our school system today. But in order to produce a generation better than ours, we do not need good teachers; we need great teachers. To channel a child's thoughts and very being requires a great person. Publishers must be led to realize the enormity of their offense in publishing sleazy comics. Parents must be led to realize the enormity of their offense in allowing their children to gorge themselves on substitutes for greatness. Progress is being made in this direction, but greater progress is bitterly needed.



# *The Preacher Takes A Wife*

MAE MCCLURE

He was a young fellow not much over thirty at the most. Folks around Garner County said he had a lot to learn 'fore he could take the place of Parson Weller. True, he couldn't deal cards, smoke a pipe, or cut a jig as the Parson had been able to do. But he sure was smart, and you never could tell what he was going to up and do next.

Like all preachers, he had his ups and downs with the parishioners. Oz Nance declared that he had done quit preaching and gone to meddling the Sunday that he preached on the evils of drinking. Liza—that's my old lady—raged 'cause he didn't say a word about Widow Stemson. "All that red paint and frizzle hair just ain't fitting for a woman over forty," she'd say. But she'd plumb forget her grievance when he'd come around to dinner. And I noticed that Liza started calling him son.

He had a way with people anyway, that boy. Always a shaking hands and telling jokes. There wasn't a house in Garner County that wouldn't take him in and gladly. Smart, too. He wasn't like most of them city slickers who can't tell a jimson weed from a potato vine. But I don't recollect that there was anything from crops to hogs that he couldn't speak on, let alone politics. The boys liked him too, and called him "Bif" or something to that effect. When there was a ball game or a frog gigging party, it was a pretty good guess that the Preacher would be right there among them a-telling them what to do. The girls all hankered after him too. Maybe it was because he could recite poetry by heart, play the organ, and wear a bow tie better than all the rest of the country swains put together. Anyway, there wasn't a girl in Garner County who hadn't set her bonnet as well as her head for him. And much to Liza's sorrow, the Widow Stemson was also on the lookout.

I quite agreed with Liza. A woman with a grown daughter ought to watch her steps. But turning back the widow after he had once set her head would be like turning back a hound on the tracks of a rabbit. Besides, the widow was getting pretty far in debt. Mr. Gross—that's the store man—said she owed him nigh on to fifty dollars for first one thing and then another. And I heard her say with my own ears that she or Jenny Lou—that's her daughter—was going to have to catch a man 'fore long.

They say that a way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So it didn't surprise us none to learn that the widow had up and invited the preacher home for dinner. And it did call forth a couple of comments.

"Humph! I warrant she thinks she has him already," Liza had said on the way home from church.

"Now, now," I answered, "I reckon maybe the preacher gets a little lonely now and then."

Liza had looked at me stormily and replied that she reckoned maybe the widow got lonely occasionally too, not that she didn't have plenty to do a chasing other people's husbands around. And I let her have her way seeing that she already had it anyways.

The congregation sided with my old lady, especially the young girls and their mamas. Maud Hicks said, "I reckon we ought all to dye our hair red, seeing that the preacher likes that kind the best."

"Yeh," drawled Sally Kent, "it might help if we all had a pretty daughter, too."

We men folks slapped our knees and roared. It was a known fact that Sally hated Jenny Lou. I dunno why, or less it could've been that Jenny Lou was kind of cute. "A chip off the old block," I always said. She wasn't coarse-looking like all the rest of the Garner County girls, but sort of fragile like a piece of glass that would break if you dropped it.

Well, the old ladies along with their daughters decided that the widow ought to be run clear out of the county to Red Springs. They were all for getting up a petition and having everybody sign it. But Bill Dawkins—that's the chief deacon of the church—said that they'd better not because Christian duty or the devil's duty, he wasn't going to be the one to tell her. Bill was still mad as a bull 'cause the session had appointed him to tell Zeb Cox to keep his mules out of Eb Long's corn patch.

However, in spite of all the wrathful looks and pointed fingers, the widow merely tended her business, and by business I mean the trapping of a husband. And more and more you could see the preacher's old gray horse tied to the railing of the widow's fence. Occasionally you could see him and the widow out inspecting her crops, or a new-born calf, or maybe it would be the preacher and Jenny Lou out walking in the pasture. He'd be a reciting poetry, and she'd be a blushing like a new-born baby.

Well, it didn't surprise me at all the day the preacher announced his intentions of taking a wife. He told Liza and me that he kind of needed a woman's hand to take care of him and the parish.

"Yep," he says to me, "she'll come in mighty handy about washing and sewing on buttons."



I agreed although I couldn't hardly picture the widow doing too much work, being as she never did do too much.

"Besides, you know . . ." and he bent close and spoke kind of low, "It makes me feel a little lonely, and I guess it sort of does something to a preacher when he looks out over the congregation and sees that all the family pews are filled up but his own. Yep, I can just see her looking up at me from our pew—mine and hers."

It was a bright and sunny morning when the preacher together with the widow and Jenny Lou set out for Red Springs. I wish you could've seen them three, I do. The widow all dressed up in her Sunday blue silk looked almost as young and as pretty as Jenny Lou, except maybe she wasn't blushing as much. And as for the preacher, he was beaming from head to foot and a nodding to everybody right and left.

It was about dusk and milking time when they returned. But we were out waiting for them anyway in front of Mr. Gross's store. The girls shed a few tears and the old ladies, muttered a little to themselves; but on the whole I guess we were pretty jolly considering the circumstances. Well, you could've knocked me over with a feather when I spied the preacher and them coming down the road, for in the middle sat Jenny Lou. "You reckon they done had a spat aready?" Liza asked me. But I knew by the way the preacher kept smiling down at Jenny Lou and the way that the widow kept a beaming at them that the preacher had done up and married Jenny Lou.

## *Autumn Glow*

FRANCES MCPHERSON

The branches of autumnal trees  
Seem pulsing as with life.  
Their wide-spread boughs shed a glow  
With mingled colors rife.

A swath of earthly, rugged brown  
Is flecked with leaves of gold.  
A branch of orange hesitates,  
Then flames to crimson bold.

The sunlight touches red and taupe,  
And shines through pale, clear yellow.  
All nature is aglow with life;  
All life is rich and mellow.

# *My First Beau*

NANCY HUDDLESTON

"Someday My Prince Will Come" is a song I remember singing many times after seeing at the age of ten years the movie, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." I also did my share of wishing on stars for my prince until finally he came. He didn't come to me on a beautiful horse and wake me from death by kissing my forehead. He did pull my pigtails and say, "Getcha arm on yer own desk and offa mine." *He* was my first beau!

My first beau didn't resemble the prince of my dreams in any shape or form. He had red hair, millions of freckles, and he was about my height. I had dreamed of a tall, dark, and handsome dream-man; but I guess this was to be one of my many disappointments in life. I didn't worry about it too much, though. I figured that I would probably have at least one beau until I found the *real* one.

Our romance was not mature in any respect. Instead of his walking me home from school and carrying my books, I carried my own books; and we raced home. Later in the afternoon, after study time, the neighborhood gang would meet in my backyard to play "Tarzan." I enjoyed playing this game because I was very good at climbing trees in those days.

One afternoon Harold, my young prince, confided that he wanted to tell me a secret. He bent over to whisper it; but, instead, he kissed me lightly on the cheek. I never spoke to him again. But I have changed. Now I would be furious if my best beau didn't kiss me lightly on the cheek once in a while.

Since red-haired Harold was my first beau, I have had four boy friends with red hair and freckles. You would think that red hair and freckles were my fate; but, you are wrong—my prince has come and he is *tall, dark, and handsome!*



# EDITORIALS

## *Greater Queens*

MARY ANNA HAMILTON

Have you ever skipped breakfast in the hope of getting a few more winks of sleep, only to be awakened by a seemingly unnecessary bang? It was not the radiator this time, but it was Queens—Queens growing. You had been watching the new chapel and had noticed how it seemed to be growing each day, but you had wondered whether this physical growth could make the “Greater Queens.”

To freshmen this may be a new phrase, but the rest of us have heard it many times. Will Queens become a “Greater Queens”? Yes, if each and everyone of us will do her part. We are all here to grow, to become Christian young women who take our places in the world. We are the future wives and mothers of America—we can help make America greater.

Let us stop just a minute! Have you forgotten what a wonderful opportunity you have before you? Has someone made a sacrifice in order that you might be here? Suddenly you realize that you are among many fine girls, friendly girls, intelligent girls, and talented girls. In everyday words, you are faced with a problem of give and take. Your life may be enriched by the friendships you make here, and you may also contribute to the enrichment of another life. You are not here just to store up facts; neither are you here just to have one continuous party, but you are here to become a well-rounded individual—to learn the art of living.

A school is not merely fine buildings and a beautiful campus, but it is what its students are. Our many friends have done their part by contributing so generously to a greater Queens; so let us not forget our parts—then truly a “Greater Queens.”



# *The Westminster Fellowship*

VALERIE SNOOK

The Westminster Fellowship plays a vital part in the spiritual and social development of college students on approximately thirteen campuses throughout the state of North Carolina. This fellowship, which is the Presbyterian student organization, is the medium through which college students may work together for the furthering of Christ's kingdom.

This organization has a twofold purpose: evangelism among the student body and the continued training of young people in churchmanship. Often when an individual enters college, he is confronted with an appalling amount of faithlessness and skepticism; consequently, the association with others of the same Christian beliefs acts as a bulwark against the insidious forces of disbelief. If an individual, upon entering college, fails to participate in church affairs, the Westminster Fellowship attempts to arouse the interest of the individual in religious activities.

The organization of the Westminster Fellowship, or the W F as it is more commonly known, is somewhat unusual in its flexibility; for each fellowship is set up to meet the needs of a particular student body. All the separate fellowships, however, are directed by the Committee on Student Work, which is under the supervision of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

The activities of the Westminster Fellowship are not limited to individual campuses alone, for there are several conferences in which members of a fellowship may participate. At these conferences the delegates are given the opportunity to exchange ideas and discuss problems which face college students as a whole. In this way the delegates obtain new, stimulating ideas for their respective campus organizations. The strengthening of faith from Christian fellowship constitutes a large part of the total worth of the conference.

A college may therefore, look with pride on its Westminster Fellowship, for this organization serves as a unifying agent of Christian young people throughout the General Assembly. Finally, by stressing Christian principles and teachings, the Westminster Fellowship better equips graduating students to make a success of life; for the value of education is increased when an individual possesses a sound religious background.

# Types Of College Students

LILLIAN BARBER

There are many types into which girls fall or are pushed when they become members of the student body of Queens College. Among these classes are working or non-working, enthusiastic or indifferent, studious or lazy students. But in order to include all phases of campus life we may use as a means of division the words *active* and *passive*.

It is debatable whether or not one has much choice in determining the category into which she is placed, because society's ability to generalize functions irrationally and first impressions may be corrected only by personal acquaintance with the individual. After four years, however, the record we have made is our own responsibility.

It is natural to look first at the active girl, for she is the one we admire and are eager to be with. In the realm of studies she maintains an honest effort to gain a kind of knowledge which she requires of herself not only to excel in grades, but to carry into her life, becoming a part of her personality. Perhaps she is not always at the top in scholastic achievement, but she has the vision to see the importance of educating for the future. She enters into class discussions and other phases of the work with enthusiasm which is recognized by teachers and fellow students.

In personality the active girl is assertive, although this does not mean that she is forward or loud; rather, she realizes the need to meet others halfway in the intricate patterns of social adjustment. Perhaps we are presenting this type as one who is always well liked, but this is not invariably true. Being an individual with views of her own, she does not show agreement with all attitudes. It is a rare personality who has the approval of every one with whom she comes in contact.

Another requirement of being in this group is the interest an active person maintains in organizations, cultural opportunities, and upholding of college ideals and traditions. This does not mean spreading talents in every direction; it involves support rather than participation. And this all stems from her motive in involving self in college. We notice her because the motivation shows in the vitality of her expression, her voice, and even in her walk.

The passive individual may have these qualities in character, motive, and thinking; but she has hidden them under a mask of indifference, apathy, and a kind of listlessness. She shows little interest in learning and makes

no contribution which is not required by the standards of the course. Because of this her grades are often lower, in spite of her knowledge of the materials of the course.

Her personality is difficult to interpret because of the fact that her quietness is often mistaken for shyness, or the other extreme, snobbishness. Her motives are confused in her mind and ours. Is she here to learn, to play to please over-concerned parents, or to pass time? She merely gets by—where learning, friends, or activities are concerned—and makes no effort to exert herself beyond that point. Underneath, her personality could be charming, but who will ever know as long as she maintains that attitude?

All of us have combinations of all types in us, but it is our duty to decide upon our goals for ourselves now and in years to come. What well-integrated persons we would be if we could choose the qualities we most admire from our friends and make them ours. We must be the ones to type ourselves.

## *The Great Question Mark*

BETTINA MARABLE

It seems that the most potent question of the present day is atomic power. In the last few years the atom and its destructive or healing powers, as the case may be, have become the greatest question mark in human history! We human beings are insignificant in this infinite universe; yet on our shoulders may rest the fate of all mankind.

What is to be the decision of the leaders of the nations in regard to the potentialities of atomic power? We are all certain that this is a difficult question to answer, and is requiring much careful consideration on the part of those in positions of leadership. Most of them realize that the atomic bomb is quite handy as the "heavy - heavy" to hang over the head of a misbehaving nation — a threat to produce good behavior. It is, however, this idea of threatening that the wise men of our day are attempting to steer away from; they realize that one cannot scare nations into friendly, peace-loving attitudes toward their neighbors and fellow-men!

It is the truly wise who see far enough into the future to understand the complexities of today's decisions. They are the ones who are pleading with the world to think about fostering brotherly love among men — instead of fostering greed and suspicion — and not only to think about it but to get out and do something about it. These wise leaders are not advocating destruction of atomic stockpiles, but rather that every nation begin to educate its people to direct the power of the atom into channels of peacetime efforts at fighting sickness and disease and putting it to use in other worthy causes.

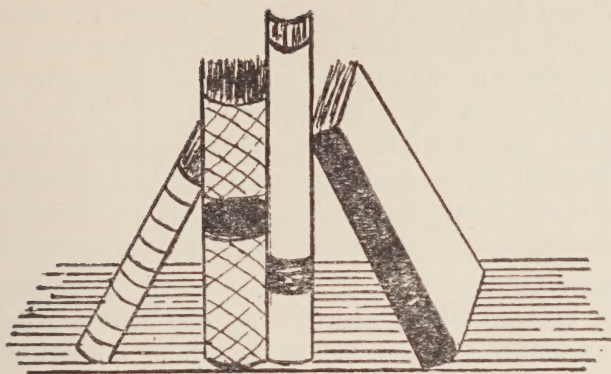
Perhaps it will take more than even our lifetime to educate even a small percentage of the people of the world into the ways of real neighborliness. At the same time we *must* remember that here and now history is being made. What part are we going to play in it? The events and decisions of today which one reads about in the daily newspapers may make or break civilization!

## *Summer Rain*

MURPHY ALEXANDER

Oh look, my child, see clouds in play contend,  
Feel stinging raindrops hit your youthful brow,  
And look upon the lacy willow bough  
Which dances as the droplets quick descend.  
Oh smell the rain—its freshness seems to blend  
With all the green of earth; and it is now  
That thirsty flowers drink and gracious bow  
Their thanks to Mother Nature as they bend.  
The silver-throated thrush calls forth his song,  
A plea for this pure freshness to remain,  
But summer showers do not their stay prolong.  
As fickle youth, child, passes with disdain  
And pure abandonment o'er such a throng  
Of beauteous things—so does a summer rain.





## BOOK REVIEWS

### *Frances Winwar: Poor Splendid Wings*

RUTH MITCHELL

With fresh and vigorous words Frances Winwar has woven the web which was the lives of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their associates. She has told her story in such a way that each person is an individual with his own place in the story, and yet his life is bound in with the lives of his associates so completely that one never loses sight of the over-all picture.

The outstanding figure of the book is Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose vigor and charm permeate the book. Miss Winwar says Rossetti is so outstanding "because both by achievement and personality he towered above them" (the others). Then, too, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. It was he who gathered such artists as John Everett Millais, Holman Hunt, and John Madox Brown, to war against the current movement in British art and the Royal Academy of Art. It was Rossetti whom John Ruskin patronized and defended. And it was the person of Rossetti to whom William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones, and Algernon Swinburne were attracted when they became followers of the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

Miss Winwar has handled the stories of these men in a sensitive manner. She has carefully brought out Rossetti's love for his model, Elizabeth Siddall, to whom Rossetti was engaged for a number of years and who was nearly claimed by death before Rossetti finally married her. Miss Winwar has also touched Rossetti's other loves and the sadness of his sorrow-ridden last years. Rossetti has emerged from the pen of Miss Winwar as a procrastinating genius who is very much alive. Algernon Swinburne and the other men and women who people this fascinating biography are also well depicted.

The women who are portrayed are interesting. There are the Rossetti women—Mrs. Rossetti, Maria, and Cristina, who lived as religious recluses. There is the beautiful Elizabeth Siddall, protegee of Rossetti, who spent her life racked by disease and jealousy. And there is the amusing little gossip, Jane Carlyle, who sat up all night trying to cook one digestible loaf of bread for her poor dyspeptic Thomas.

*Poor Splendid Wings* is an interesting biography. The author states that it was written with a great regard for the truth; she says: "No statement is made, no scene depicted, that is not warranted by authoritative sources, nor thought process extended that is not implicit in some phase of the subject's work." This is doubtless true, judging from the length of the bibliography, but in some cases Miss Winwar has been extremely obscure. She is to be commended, however, for the fact that she did not overemphasize the eccentricities and moral defects of the people about whom she wrote. The biography is written in a simple, almost poetic style, and it is a biography which is absorbing from beginning to end.





# *The Little House*

MARY LONG

The little house stood out of sight,  
All but hidden in the night.  
I paused outside, afraid to knock,  
Hesitating to raise the lock.

But soon I heard a voice within,  
Inviting me to hurry in.  
I knew as soon as I entered the room  
That this was a place unused to gloom.

The little fire was burning bright,  
Each face uplifted in the light.  
'Twas here I learned by songs and speech  
The kind of love that friendships teach.

# *Victory*

JEANNE SEALE

Death holds no dread for me;  
Somehow I know that he  
Who guides my footsteps  
Hath conquered fear for me.

The day of life is short  
And death comes on the morrow,  
And as we pass this way  
We meet both joy and sorrow.

So why not live life at its best,  
Nor dread what end may be,  
But make the most of what we have  
And live abundantly.

Then when we cross that bar  
No fretting there can be,  
For we have done the best we can—  
And that is victory.

